

The Hour of the Wolf

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The Hour of the Wolf

Preston Goebel

In the hour of the wolf,
I transport myself
To 16th century England.
My Yoda pajama pants
Become a linen nightgown.
My phone flashlight,

A candelabra.
I prowl down the halls
Of the mysterious castle
Of Udolpho, or sometimes
Northanger Abbey. My parents'
Typical Gen X house, built
In 2001, is not the unnamed
White suburban home, rather,
It is my Thornfield Hall.
I utilize my modern candelabra
To illuminate the hallway,
So that I may find a Bertha Mason
Or a Du Pont, prisoners entrapped
In lifeless suburbia.
I peer into the laundry room,
No surreptitious prisoners.
No captives behind the floral
Lilo and Stitch shower curtain.
A distant growl cracks
Open the silence of the night.
A werewolf chases me down
The stairs, into the kitchen.
He punctures the night
With his screech: oddly,
A scream, not a howl.

I gasp, he is no werewolf.
He is only a fat
Fluffy monster. Socks,
Crying for someone
To fill his lonesome water bowl.
Looking for hydration, not blood.
Daily Rage
The cement trucks and jackhammers
Are my double alarm clocks, so I curse
The construction workers
And John Carroll in general
As I open Instagram and wish for all couples
A simultaneous death by aneurysm
As I prepare my coffee, spill it,
And then powerwalk to class,
Halted by three-toed sloth students,

I scream with my mouth closed,
I run up the concrete steps, trip,
Propelling my rage, I stew in my hatred
In history class, stab the paper,
Crack book spines, kick rocks
On my way back, drop my book,
Call my grandma to rail against
The university, the students, and myself,
She laughs, I hang up, I channel
My rage into essays on Kate Chopin,
Ignore texts from my friends,
Read antiquated Greek plays
And 90s Star Wars books,
Consume four sleeping pills
Like life-saving elixirs,
Oscillate wildly through the night
To be woken again by cement trucks
And jackhammers.